Story: Skipper at Rocky - Have become wary.

I. New York - Was working there.

Finished Grad. Work. Sweet Briar -

Drummond.

Morris, Ny - a Play Festival. Butternut Valley.

Good time to start: Conner
Edmonds
Rivers of America
History of Ags. in Ny.
(Hedrick)
- Harold Thompson.
(Body - Boat & Britches)

II. Collected writers. 300 -

Letters - Mrs. Chambers.

III Some of the Plays:

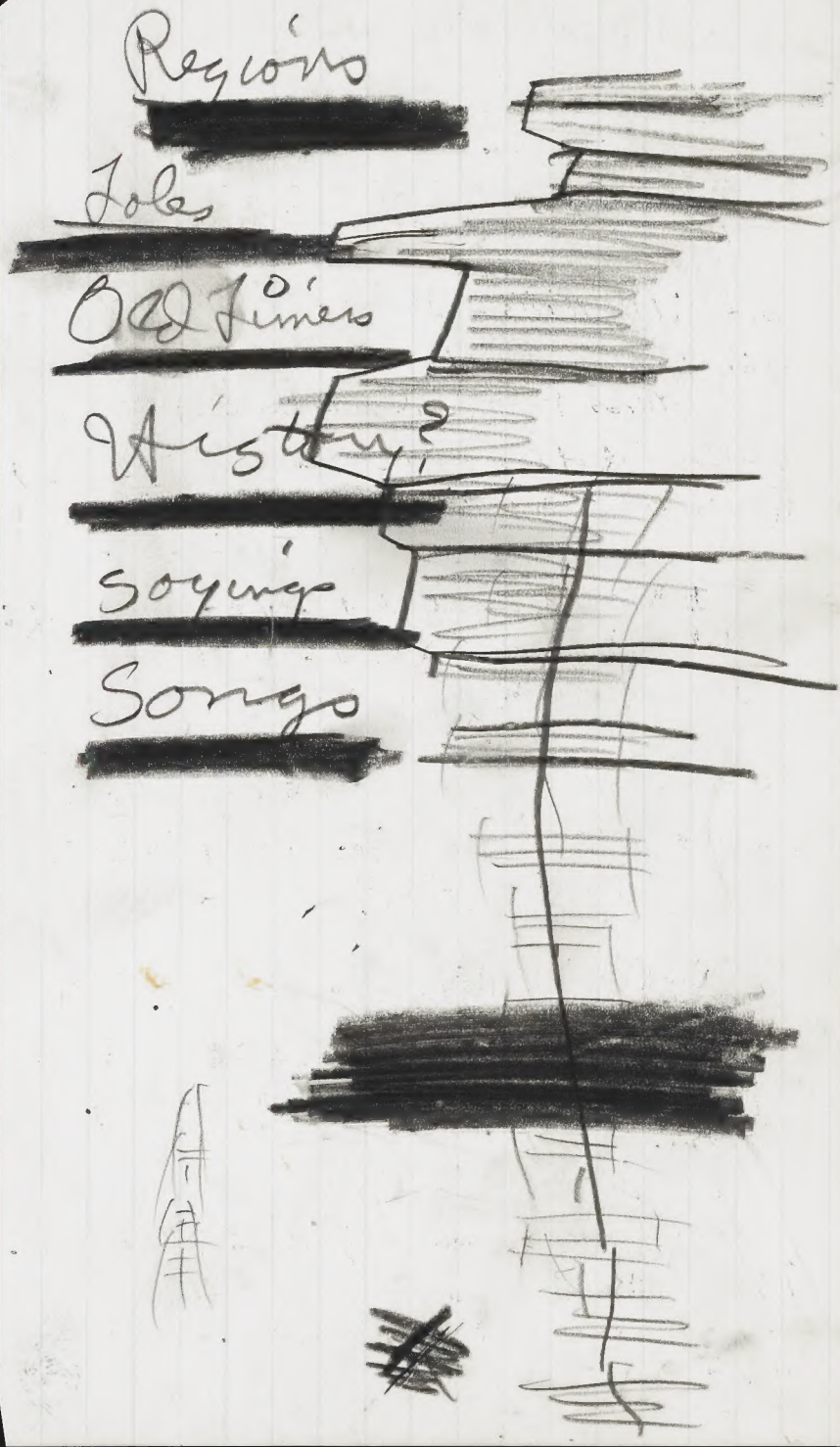
- Cardiff Giant -
a Legend

b. went up to Cardiff. Wanted to make it simple - Drummond. 96 Speaking Part. Played 9 Parts myself.

c. Characters: Bloomer women - Methodist Preachers - Board of Regents, - Geologists - P.T. Barnum. Dove Harmon -

Preachers Preachin' - Hodies Singing revival tunes, Erie Canallers, - Singing

We were 40 miles from Albany
& forget it d never shall
what a terrible storm we had that night.


Regions
Jobs
Old Times
History
Soyinp
Songo

D. One Acts interesting -

1. "Let's Get on"
2. Raisin' the Devil
3. Chinamen come - Loomis.
4. Day in the Vineyard - Grape Pickers.

Results: People more conscious of Region.
Better Plays - Blow at Publishers

Work

Come to Alberta - Banff School -
Students not versed in lore of Region.
Persuaded U. of Alberta & R. Foundation.

Found Alberta interesting - Peoples -
~~Saved~~ Scandinavians, Welsh, Irish,
U. S. a. middle west, Scotch - French Canad.
Ukranian - Germanic - English - etc...
Geography - South - Mountains - Black Soil -
Religions - 498. Peace River

Great mixture - Knew there must be
good tales worthy of good Plays, Novels,
Short Stories. Great wealth out there, as
I have discovered. Indians - waterways.
Explorers - Tall Tale Spinners - Murderers.
(Best murderers in the world) Mennonites -
Railroads - Agriculture - Lore of National
Groups.... We are interested in lore
indigenous to Region. Stories that could
only have occurred here. Necessary to Preserve.
Lib. Education Archives -
Play about Edwards. Only in Calgary

STORIES AND STORY EXERPTS
FROM BOOK " JOHNNY CHINOOK""

L.

Place names
1. Medicine Hat
2. Lloydminister

Folklore as it has been written
to me..
Macleod
Adam

5

Every region, or section of a country, no matter how complex its cultures, can divide its lore into classifications. In New York we have first of all the folk tales--stories that have been handed down orally for generations.

We have our Indians and Indian fighters. Our heroes of love and romance, our ballad singers and heroes of the great ditch-the Erie Canal. We have our place names and ~~xxxxxx~~ murderers and weather lore. And ~~lastly~~ we have the salty speech with proverbial comparisons and vivid figures. For instance, when you're flying airplanes weather science must be exact, but a New Yorker may guess the weather near enough by saying:

Mackeral sky--
Three days wet
and Three days dry.

A saying you may have heard in Alberta.

or:

If early morning set in storming
Tis apt to storm all day;
But a storm at night, for lack of light
Is apt to lose its way.

6

~~Let's begin with a few proverbs:~~

The people make many proverbs .. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ And many of ~~the~~ our best comments on Love ,, work and Wisdom are in the proverbial comments which, at some time or another have been on everyone's lips. ~~After this talk~~ you may ~~xxxxxx~~ be able to think up some Alberta proverbs to tell me.

There is so much that has as yet not been collected.. So much of the really heroic material that has gone into the making of North America..

collecting in Ny. — Rise in Popularity of Americana: Rivers of America

Ken Roberts
Walter Edmonds
Ballads: John Niles

In New York State they say:

In the Adirondack Mountains they say;

"Always to court and never to wed
Is the happiest life that ever was led"..

In fact,, many of the proverbs of the Adirondack Mountains deal with love and lovers. Everybody knows,, of course,, that

Every Jack has his jill;
If one won't another will""

The girls especially receive a good deal of proverbial advice: ""Love in a tub,, and the bottom will fall out"...which in Mountain terms means that if you marry on love only,, you may not find your state satisfactory.. In the mountains they hold that it is desirable for a girl to be a good housekeeper, for: Where the cobwebs grow,, the beaux don't go"

As for the boys,, they may be told,, that:

"Matrimony is not a word: it's a sentence""

or some cynics tell the boys: "It is better to be half-hanged than ill married "....However not all the Mountain proverbs about love are cynical.. There is one that goes: Pity is achin' to love"" and a" Ring on the finger is worth two on the 'phone.""

However,, high up in the mountains you may find certain unshaven brutes who will tell you""A woman,, a dog and a walnut tree,, The more you beat 'em the better they be.""

Or,, if a couple is unhappily married somebody may say:

""They'll never comb grey hair together"..

4

But whatever may be said about matrimony,, there is always the proverbial loyalty of daughters:

My son's my son till he gets himself a wife..
My daughter's my daughter all her life"

As in every community. folk have little respect for people who are ""able to work but not willin'".....and they often say of such people: "He'll live on wind pudding and air sauce."

With the mountain folk,"a man who watches the clock generally remains one of the hands".....and of course they sum it all up by: You have to hoe a row of corn with a man to know him."

They tell me the story of one old mountain man who was so lazy that he was horribly poor.. But for a long time his neighbors made contributions to his support and kept him alive.. Finally they decided that he was so worthless that' he'd have to be taken off and buried.. Just as they had him loaded into a carriage,, a stranger came up and asked what was happening.. When he heard what it was all about he felt sorry for the old man,, and offered to help him. He volunteered to contribute a bushel of corn to keep him from being buried. Hearing the offer,, the old man stuck his head out of the carriege and said; "Is the corn shelled"? "No" was the reply..

" Drive on,," said the old man,, "drive on"!

9

the Proverbs have a lot to say about thrift.

"Provide for they tallow before frost commeth in,,
And make thine own candles bxf ere winter begin."
It has always puzzled me why Monday is the traditional wash-day. And I find a little rhyme which makes it all a matter of industry.
Or: Who washes on Monday has all week to dry..
Who washes on Tuesday is not so much awry,,
Who washes on Wednesday is not so much to blame,,
Who washes on Thursday washes for shame..
Who washes on Friday washes for need.
Who washes on Saturday is lazy indeed.."

And we have comments pertinent to the ladies →

~~To be sure~~ A woman should not be too finical,, especially about clothes..
" Fond of dress is sure a very curse,,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse..

When a husband xxxxxxx quotes something of that sort he may be boorish enough to refuse aid in bringing in the wood,, saying: There's no use keeping a dog and barking yourself.....
A Scotch proverb,, not always used so ungallantly.....

The woman may retort that: It's a poor house that can't support one lady.....or that she has earned support,, and help since " You should never ring a pig that has to root for a living.."...But I am sure that in most Alberta families,, these brusque remarks are never (Or almost never) heard)

The Biblical book of Proverbs has a good deal to say about fools in contrast to wise men--a subject not entirely neglected in New York State.. He may therefore call these epigrams about folly,, a ~~third~~ type of the proverb of wisdom..
~~Mr. Carl Sandburg liked one of these so well he included it in his book " The People, Yes."~~ The proverb is: " He doesn't know enough to pound sand into a rat-hole.. ~~Similar are the following:~~

2 He can't see a hole through a ladder..
3 He's so dumb he can't crawl through a knot-hole backwards..
4 He has brass enough to make a five-pail kittle
5 and sap enough in his head to fill it..

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I might list for your amusement a few other proverbial sayings from New York State/ Which bear great weight in our local characteriz tions:

Behind like a cow's tail
So dry he's spitting cotton
So Dutch he has sauerkraut hanging out of his ears..
Fascinating as a loose tooth
Happy as a clam in high water..
Good as the wheat..
Happy as a skunk in a hem-roost..
Independent as a hog on ice..
Longer than the mor'l law..
Nervous as a cat with wet feet..
So low you can chin yourself on the curb..
Old as Paddy's daddy..
Poor as a Parson..
Short and sweet,, like a donkey's gallop..
Tight as a blonde's belt..
Unlucky as a fifth calf(Because the mother has only four filling-stations)

Perhaps some one of you who knows horses will tell me the significance of the following saying:
One white foot buy him..
Two white feet,, try him..
Three white feet deny him,,
Four white feet and a white nose,,
Take him out and throw him to the crows..

Speaking of horses:

We used to do quite a bit of hoss tradin' in York State...as any of you who have read "David Harum" will know.. (David Harum,, by the way,, as really named Hannum.....and was a speculator in hoss flesh and land near Homer,, New York.) They tell the story about the hoss trading tricks of the pious but shrewd Quakers who were early settlers. The hero of one tale owned a horse which looked very handsome as it was driven up to a cross-roads store.. The men around the cracker barrel had heard a rumor that the Quaker's bay was for sale as a very modest price.. One of them stepped out to inquire..

"Is that the hoss you're sellin8?"
" He is,, friend"..
"Is thee a horesman? Yes? Well,, look him over Thyself.."
A hasty examination followed..
" Does Thee see any fault in him," Asked the Quaker, No? Well then,, the horse will never see any fault in Thee.. The price is eighty dollars..
I need not tell you that the horse was stone blind.

This reminds me of the story told in many parts of New York about the horse that dropped dead. The man who had just sold him remarked: I dunno what to make of it. ~~He~~ the dom fool never done that before!

But York State is not all folk-say and laughter. There is the ~~serious~~ spooky side as imaged by the~~z~~ Thayer~~x~~ Brothers~~x~~ Murder~~z~~ Case,, ~~f~~ one of our famous Hudson River ghost stories. The story concerns a rambling,, ivy covered manor house called the ForbesManor. The house stands on high ground overlooking the majestic river,, a stately sight indeed, if one is journeying up-river from New York to Albany.

Since the earliest days of the Dutch in America,, the principal holiday had been the Ne w Year. On New Years eve (A cold and dismal snowey night) of 1799 a gay party drove up to the steps of Forbes Manor to enjoy a New Year's dance given by Richard Forbes and Alice,, his beautiful wife. The one gloomy face was that of Ronald Dunshon whom,, rumor said,, had been rejected by the beautiful Alice in favor of young Forbes. Evidently,, Alice believed that Dunshon's mere presence was a pledge of reconcilliation,, and when she paused to ask him why he was not dancing,, she readily granted his request for the midnight minuette.

Having given her gracious consent,, the lovely Alice crossed the great hall and ascended the winding marble staircase to visit her infant son who was sleeping in one of the bedrooms. She was kissing the sleeping babe when swift tragedy began in the movements of her former lover.

Dunshon was following her up the staircase,, and swiftly behind him came Richard Frobes,, rapier drawn. Dunshon turned,, whipped out his blade,, and a moment later a terrified crowd stood looking up at the glitter of two crossed blades. Then a third figure appeared at the thop of the stairs.....the lovely Alice Forbes,, carrying her golden-haired child.. As she cried out and attempted to separate the men who loved her,, Richard Forbes at turned to thrust her back and at that moment Dunshon's sword went home.. Richard's body toppled and fell,, slithered down the marble stair. His blade clattered down until it lay at the feet of a shrieking lady in the hall below.. Above,, another blade pierced mother and babe.. In the following horrified silence the great clock struck midnight..With a cry the murderer sped down the back stair and out into the terrible night.. Several days later he was found frozen to death in a snowdrift..

Years later,.when the great house was deserted,, a belated travell lost on the way to a New Years party in Albany,, came through a wooded stretch to see lights gleaming from Forbes Manor.. A stranger to the region he advanced to the house to ask for shelte and guidance.. Just as he reached the open door every candle flame was suddenly extinguished,, and at the same instant the music of violins began...playing a minuette. Crouching behind a pillar he observed a lady dressed in the costume of a bygone age pass up the stairs to be followed by the figures of tw hasting men.. As the clock began to strike midnight he heard the sudden clash of two blades,, the cry of a mortally wounded man,, and the shriek of a woman.. The traveller staggered out and ran clear to Albany.. Ever since,, lights

have been seen in Forbes Manor on New Years eve.. and passers-by have heard the sounds of violins and the horrible sounds of the old tragedy..

Carrying on for a bit with the spook theme:
By all odds the most interesting of the French Canadian tales found in ~~xxx~~ New York are tales of the Loup-garou, the wolf-man so feared by the ~~Frxxxxx~~ Contenental French in the 17th Century.. The ~~p~~presentst ~~tale~~x I have heard of the lou-garou was sent us by Miss Pearl Hamelin who lived near the Canadian border.. She has been singularly fortunate in Ancestors.. : One great grandmother was confident of living to the age of ninety,, because she saw a potato plant with ninety tubers.. Her most notable ancestor was her great grandfather Joseph Hamelin who talked with ghosts and once met a wolf-man.. He was born about 1820,, and by the time of his marriage he p~~r~~oded himself on what he called his strong will.. (His wife called it his "cussedness")
Joseph's story runs thus:

When old Henry,, a neighbor,, died ~~o~~wing Joseph Hamelin two dollars,, Joseph declared that Henry's soul could not enter heaven until it came ~~xxxxxx~~, begging for the gift of this sum.. This declaration was made confidently: an old supersitionn in New York held that if you die owing money,, you cannot enter heaven until your creditor generously informs the powers above that he makes your soul a gift of the debt.. For several long nights,, therefore,, Joseph stayed up grimly awaiting Henry's ghost,, but to his a~~n~~noyance, no ghost appeared..

One clear winter's night not long after,, Joseph was driving his sleigh through a wood, under a clear bright moon..

Suddenly he saw a shaggy creature trotting along beside his "rig".. The first thing he noticed were the wolf's eyes gleaming like frozen fire.Next he observed that the animals legs scarcely brushed the snow as he ran..
Reaching for his whip Joseph forced his trembling horse to a gallop, but the wolf easily kept pace.. When the plunging horse slowed to a walk, the wolf did the same.. Then it flashed upon Joseph that this was a ~~werfx~~ loup-garou, old Henry's soul walking the night..

At the edge of the wood the animal spoke: Joe, joe!
Are you going to give me those two dollars?
Remembering what a strong-willed man he was, Joseph ro, red back: " No, I am not!!
Three times the request was repeated, thrice refused..
When the barn was reached the loup-garou trotted in and leapt into a manger while Joe unhitched the frightened horse.. A stubborn man glared at a stubborn wolf. Then Joseph Hamelin did the bravest deed of his life.
Contemptously he turned his back on the supernatural eyes and walked toward the barn door.. With a rush of air a hige body struck his back bearing him down to the lintel..
Hot furry jaws were at his neck and a hoarse voice demanded: " For the last time: will you give me those two dollars?"
Joe didn't take long to decide.. "Yes, " he said " I give you the two dollars.. Take 'em with you to a place where they'll melt!." At these brave words the loup-garou vanished..
With great difficulty Joe picked himself up and walked

into the house..

" See,, Delphine",, " he said to his wife" I give in to no woman and no man.Tonight,, for once I have given in, but only when the loup-garou had me by the neck.. Delphine looked and shuddered..On the collar of Joe's coat was a savage rent, and the froth of a wolf's jaws..

The Adirondack mountains are one of the most interesting parts of New York State. Ask a real Adirondack native what the Adirondacks are like and he'll tell you: They make a man feel what it is to have all creation under his feet. There are woods there which it would take a lifetime to hunt over, mountains that seem shouldering each other, to boost the one whereon you stand, up and away, heaven knows where. Thousands of little lakes are let in among them so light and clean. Old Lake Champlain glistens, fifty miles away, like a strip of white birch when slicked up by the moon on a frosty night; and the green mountains of Vermont beyond it, fade and fade away until they disappear as gradually as a cold scent when the dew rises"

For two centuries, we did not even bother to name the Adirondacks. To be sure many Mohawk Indians hunted there in the winter, knew at least five route to Montreal, and scornfully called the permanent residents, "Tatirondacks" or Tree Eaters. It was not until the highest mountain, Mount Marcy, which of course is dwarfed by these Canadian Rockies, was surveyed by whites in 1837, that we begin to really know anything about the region. The early guides who surveyed the Adirondacks had peculiar vocabularies, and many of their experssions exist to this day. For instance, there was one early guide named "Old Mountain Phelps". His vocabulary was peculiar and sometimes limited. He might ask " Whether you wanted to take a regular walk, or a random scoot." When he found himself in what

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seemed an impenatrable thicket,, he might say: Waal,, this is a regular random scoot of a rigmarole!! Once, after listening to a sermon that began at the Creation and got nowhere,, he observed: It just seemed to me as if ~~he~~ the Preacher was tryin' to git up a kind of a fix-up"

Each generation of Adirondack guides has held to the majestic remark attributed to Ethan Allan of vermont: "The Gods of the mountain,, are not the gods of the plain!." And th the guide,, the God of the Mountains is a law unto himself!! Aw a rule,. however,, the guide passes up direct ricicule of the plainsman,, for the more subtle ridicule of the tall-tale,, told often at night around the campfire,, to a shivvering or amused audience.. Mart Moody was one of the tallest of tall tale spinners. One of his favorite storys was about the time Mart and his friend Hi were out on a lake shooting ducks.. It was one of those enchanting days when you can see into the depths of sky and lake.. Suddenly a flock went skinnimg past. For almost the only time in his life,. Mart lost his calm,, and dropped his old fashioned powderhorn over the side of the boat.. Being an excellent diver,, Hi offered to recover the lost article,, and Mart sheepishly consented to the friendly sacrifice.. When,, after a long time Hi did not appear,, Mart peered impatiently into the lucid water.. " And what did I see?" Mart would ask" What did I see? I saw that cuss do wn there on the bottom, 16 pouring powder from my horn into hissn"!!

Another of his favorite yarns involved an afternoon when he was out in the woods and saw five partridges sitting on a limb in a row. He didn't have a gun with him, so he pulled out his hunting knife, took aim and let her go. That danged knife split the limb so nice that all five birds were caught by the toes. That wa'nt all. The knife went skimming along the water across the brook longside the tree and killed a bear that happened to be loitering on the other side. While he was wading across the brook to get the bear, he caught his pants so full of trout that a button busted off, flew forty rod and killed a fox. I suppose you might call that Adirondack luck."

Mart said that back in 1876 they had a spell of cold that beat anything he ever saw.. It was so cold that all the skunks in his neighborhood holed up together to keep warm. One day when Mart and a friend started to dig up the bug skunk hole they found that the cold had been so intense that the hold stuck right out of the ground about two feet.. So they brought up a team, hooked it onto the projecting part,, drew the hole all the way out of the ground and bagged fourteen skunks..

Adirondack winters are severe. One night Mart started to blow out his candle and found that the flame was frozen,, had to be picked off and thrown out the window.. This experience gave him an idea. As soon as he could get to the nearest settlement,, he invested all his spare cash in candles,, took them to his cabin,, lit them, broke off the flames,, packed them neatly in boxes.. The frozen flames were sold for strawberries,, netting a profit of 400 dollars.. Mart had a favorite hound,, too.. This famous dog split himself in two on a sapling while running at full speed. Hastily the master slapped the two halves of the dog together.. " For a while,, said Mart,, I thought I'd ruined that dog,, because I had slammed him together careless-like with two legs up and two down.. But I found I'd really done him a favor,,when he was tired runnin' on one pair of legs,, he give himself a flip in the air,, come down on the other pair,, and was fresh as paint!..

BANKHEAD

CHARACTERS

Old Papeniue Montville come to the Adirondacks to skip serving in the Papineau war up in Canada.. One day he was coming home in a sleigh, and all of a sudden the horse dropped dead.. It was an awful cold night,, so Papineau couldn't stop there and wait for somebody to come by,, So he rolled the horse out of the way and harnessed himself to the sled. He started out, but after a few minutes he happened th think that the horse's hide was worth money,, so he went back and skinned the horse.. The next morning an old peddler come along, and Papeniue sold the hide..... got four dollars for it.. He felt pretty good about that,, and he kept thinking about it while he was doing the chores.. Suddenly he thought he heard something outside the barn.. he went out to look,, and if there wasn't the old horse without any hide!! And it so cold,, too!! He'd walked all the way in after being skinned.. Of course old Papineau felt pretty bad to think what he'd done to his poor old horse, so he tried to figure out how to make up for it.. All the time he was thinking,, there was the old horse shivering and shaking so hard you could hear his bones rattle.. Well,, Papineau finally remembered a moose hide he had.. He went and got it and fitted it onto the horse as tight ~~as he could well~~ sir,, that hide grew onto 'im,, and fitted him so well you'd never a known it wasn't his in the first place.. Funny part of it was that after that, the horse wouldn't eat any more hay,, but had to have brush,, like a moose.. And that summer Papineau ran him in the races and won so much money he never had to do another lick of work as long as he lived!!

Bill also had a tussle with the devil..

He was walking in a field when he suddenly met that enemy of mankind whom Bill's Scotch ancestors had respectfully named "The Earl of hell"

"Bill,," said the Devil" I need a liar of your talents.. You must come with me."

Bill sat down on a stone and began to cry--probably for the first time in his life.. Somewhat softened by the sight of so g great a genius at a loss,, the Devil made a concession..

" Bill,." he said" you may ask me to do three things.. If you find just one that I cannot manage, you may stay on ear earth and entertain the people of Saratoga.. County"?

At these words Bill grew thoughtful. Pulling up a small saplin he said.. "Let's see you pull up that big elm over there.."

The Devil did it easily..

Picking up a small pebble, Bill turned it obver several times in his hands and said: " Now, Devil,. you take that ten-ton boulder over there and do with it just as i've done with this pebble.."

That's easy to do,." said the Devil as he performed this deed with nonchalance." Now Bill,, you have just one more chance.."

All right,, said Bill,. But I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by owls. Those first two jobs would have been easy for me.. But this'un's harder.. You go find a bigger liar than I am."

The Devil sat down and cried.. Then he shook his head and said: "Bill,. you can go.."

In 1854, one of the most remarkable of Guides and woodsmen came to the mountains. He was a tall Vermonter whom fate had tried to conceal by naming him Smith. But, as the legend goes, the young man's sponsors in Baptism, mindful of the pious saying" Paul may plant and Apollis water, but God alone can give the increase" christened him Paul Apollis Smith. Having thus endeavored to denote two members of the partnership, they hopefully watched him go forth to seek his fortune. Apparently the Third Party also cooperated, for the increase came, and Paul Smith died a man of property.

At first he set up a little inn for hunters, and grew into a hotelkeeper on a great scale. Among his acquaintances mere millionares became commonplace. At one time he had almost forty millionares as guests or living on his property. He came to know men of letters, painters, politicians, generals, bishops, Persidents. In parting with a celebrated Bishop who had expressed a pious hope for his future, Paul answered cheerfully and confidently:

"I'll meet you there, Bishop!"

Paul was also a good tale spinner.. Once when he was out on Racquette Lake with a party it was xexx hot. Very hot.. Had his party out on the lake fishing when a storm came up.. He tried to paddle ashore,, but the storm came so fast it struck them when they were half way.. Turned cold so fast the boat stuck fast.. Paul tried to break the ice loose with his paddle,, Couldn't budge it.. Found the ice was thick enough to bear their weight,, so they got out and w lked ashore . They started a fire in the box-stove at camp,, and soon they were snug and warm..But after a while the stove began to smoke.. Paul went outside,, and found the smoke frozen fast to the stove pipe..He climbed up and broke it off with a stick.. Had to keep at it to make the stove draw at all.. Well,, after a while the sun came out and Paul saw fish lying on top of the ice.. They'd been jumping,, and the water froze so fast it left they out on top. He took a basket and gathered several bushels of fine trout.. When he was picking up the fish he happened to see something shiny sticking up out of the ice....Paul went over and broke the shiny thing off....qyuck as a flash off it flew: two links of chain lightening froze fast in the ice!.

Paul was also a great one to support the church.. One Sunday he put a dollar in the plate,, and went outside,, where he immediately got into a poker game with some other guides,, and won seventeen dollars quick as a

flash. He was heard to remark: "That's what you might call" Castin' your bread upon the waters.. "

Paul Smith's most famous guest was ~~possibly~~ a young physician from New York City who was carried forty miles through the forest to the hotel on a matress in the back of a wagon. This young Doctor had consumption, that dreaded disease, which was in those days, 1870, thought to be always fatal. The young man had contracted the disease while nursing his brother; and had been advised by the attending physician to keep the windows and door always tightly closed, lest a draft should kill the sufferer. This Physicians advise not only killed the brother, but very nearly the young nurse as well.

When Edward Livingston Trudeau came to Paul Smiths he was so light that one of the guides who carried him up to his room remarked: "Doctor, you don't weight no more'n a dried lamb skin." Everyone thought the young physician was going to die, but he had a different idea. Throughout that summer he lingered on, and seemed to gain in strength. By fall he was tramping the woods with his guide, hunting a full day, and had recovered not only a will to live, but a will to continue his work. Impressed by what the mountain air had done for him, he stood one day on his favorite fox-run near the tiny village of Saranac Lake. While looking across the beautiful valley he dreamed

a dream.....a dream that became a vision as he looked across the mountains. In his dream he saw himself bring the sick to life again, fill men and women with the new hope he felt. He dreamed that the purity of lakes and mountains might provide a healing power stronger than medicine. He saw the rarest of gifts given freely to all: rest, for the weary and broken hearted. He dreamed that the climate might bring health to the sick, relief to the consumptive, and God to man.

When winter came, Trudeau made up his mind to stay in the mountains. Considering the wildness of the region, this was in those days a rather momenteous decision, and was met with by no enthusiasm on the part of the hearty Smith, who feared that Trudeau would die on his hands. No city person had ever requested such a thing before, and this emaciated consumptive seemed the last one to weather the rigors of an Adirondack winter, which, as Smith was wont to say: Danged near finished Paul Smith himself!
But the Doctor won his argument with the dubious Smiths, and instead of dying, he continued to improve in health. About this time he chanced upon the theories of the European physician, Brehmer who advocated outdoor treatment of Tuberculosis.....and this fired the young man with fresh ambition; since the theories of Brehmer so closely paralleled his own. In 1882

came word of the discovery by Koch in Germany, of the Tubercle Bacillus, the bacterium which causes Tuberculosis. .. From this moment the young Doctor's life suffered a radical change. He moved to Saranac Lake, some fourteen miles from Paul Smiths, where he set up his family. The hunting of the deer changed to a quest for the elusive Tubercue Bacilli, and the quest of his own health changed to the saving of the health of others.

Up to this time he had not taken a medical journal, and had probably forgotten or was very rusty om the medical training he had received. But, fired by his new resolve, he went back to New York for a short time, and studied bacteriology, a then new science, with a pupil of the great Koch...a Dr. Prudden who was a Professor of pathology at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. where Trudeau himself had studied medicine. He then went back to Saranac Lake and improvised a crude laboratory in a room of his house where he set to work to repeat all of Koch's experiments. This little laboratory was lighted by a kerosene lamp and heated by a wood stove, and the doctor had often to get up im the middle of the night and replenish the fire. Im spite of such difficulties he managed to grow cultures of the Tuberculosis germs in a home-made thermostat, and with these cultures he was able to

experiment on animals
in an attempt to find a cure for Tuberculosis.....a search which almost every scientist of the time was making.. In all of his experiments to find a cure,, Trudeau was unsuccessful..... He soon published his belief that a ~~xxxx~~ medical cure for the disease was highly improbable.. He was startled,, soon after the publication of this statement,, to hear that Dr. Koch had discovered a cure which he called "Tuberculin". This must have been a terrible blow to the young doctor,, for,, if true,, it meant that all his beliefs in the outdoors as a relief for Tubercular people would be for nought; since physicians could administer the cure in their offices//.....However,, Trudeau's faith was unshaken,, and sure enough,, it was soon proved that Dr.. Koch's cure was also a failure.

In 1892,, Trudeau's home-made thermostat caught fire and burned laboratory and house to the ground.. For a moment Trudeau was in despair,, but a letter from the Great William Osler restored his confidence.. The letter read:. Dear Trudeau: Sorry to hear of your misfortune,, but take my word for it,, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the Phoenix trick!" The prophecy proved to be a ture one, for no sooner were the ashes of the laboratory cool,, than Mr.. George Cooper,. a wealthy man in New York,, offered to build a vfine new laboratory,, splendidly equipped. In this laboratory,, a great deal of the scientific work which has meant so much to Tuberculosis research has been done.

During this period,, also, Trudeau was building the first Sanitorium for the Treatment of Tuberculosis on the American cnotinent.. He called it the Adirondack Cottage Sanitorium,, and it started with one cottage....a one-room affair which he called The Little Red.. You have all seen pictures of it on the Christmas seals.. The first patients were two frightened factory girls.

The subsequrnt history of Trudeau,, and Sanitorium treatment of Tuberculosis,, which has proved the only reliable cure..... is well known. The inspiring part is the part played by the sick young physician,, who had nothing to go on but faith.

Trudeau had one most famous patient during the 80's at Saranac Lake, who has contributed to mountain lore. The illustrous visitor was a tall,, rather eccentric looking,, very thin.. He had a heavy black moustache.. His eyes were very bright,, his hair long,, with a tendency to hang down around his face.. He had a quick,, nervous manner of speaking. His name: Robert Louis Stevenson.. At Saranac Lake he wrote some of his best essays,, and one long story.. These include The Master of Ballantrae, The Lantern Bearers; a Christmas Sermon; Pulvis et Umbra. Stevenson was not really ill,, when at Saranac Lake,, and seemed to enjoy his stay there,, dispite his constant railing against the cold.. He was often heard to say: "I am continually burning my hands on what seem to be cold stones!" .....He stayed

Mrs. Baker's cottage, and, as she refused to move, the Stevensons and the salty Mrs. Baker were jolly under the same roof. Asked to describe Stevenson, ~~the Adirondack native,~~ Mrs. Baker, said: "Mr. Stevenson always smoked cigarettes in bed, and burned holes in my sheets." That was the one thing she seemed to remember about the great author. Possibly there's a moral to be gotten from that.

Dr. Trudeau, however, remembered much about Stevenson: According to Trudeau, Stevenson was always active, eager, and tempestuous in conversation. A topic started, he would leap up from his chair and pacing the unhomely living room of the Baker Cottage, would argue, preach, and wave his hands. Once there was a violent argument involving the respective merits of transporting luggage on American and British railways. Trudeau reminded Stevenson that, whereas, in England it was necessary that the traveller always supertend the transfer of luggage at every change of cars.....in America he could check his trunks through from New York to San Franscisco, ~~and never think about them again.~~ Stevenson, ~~the canny and deftly dogging,~~ ~~took refuge in verbal subterfuge:~~ "Checks!" he cried, Checks! An American can do nothing without them! He cannot even die without passing im his checks!

Stevenson hated illness.. Trudeau could never persuade him to inspect his growing Sanitorium on the mountain side.. He did, however, one day get Stevenson to his laboratory.. This was only a day or two after Stevenson had finished writing Lantern Bearers.. Stevenson was impressed,, but kept sniffing the air.. "Trudeau",, he said "" you are carrying a lantern at your belt,. but the oil has a most disagreeable smell!" "

When asked by Trudeau whether his writting had suffered through the severity of the climate,. Stevenson wrote:

I was walking last night in the varandah of our cottage.. The night was dark.. The air extraordinarily clear and cold,. and sweet with the purity of forests.. From a good way below the river was heard contending with ice and boulders.. There were a few lights far away,, butxzxz and scattered unevenly among the darkness... butnot enough to lessen the feeling of isolation.. Forthe making of a story here were fine conditions.. " Come"" said I to my engine,, " let us make a tale...a story of many years and countries,, of the land and the sea,, of saveragy and civ lization.." Stevenson remembered Trudeau in his own words, as one who " Thought least of his own carcass, and thereby had more time to think of others.. "

In a great speech to the American Medical Association ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which Dr. Trudeau rose from his bed to deliver, he said:

Optimism is the one thing that is within reach of us all. No matter how meagre our intellectual equiptment, or how un promising our outlook at the start, or how obscure or limited our careere may be. In a long life which has been lived daily in contact with patients beyond the reach of human skill, who through months and years of hopeless idleness looked to me for help, I have indeed had need for all the optimism I could cling to. It has ever been a precious asset to me, and I hope to those about me as well, and has never entirely failed me. Let us not, therefore, quench the faith, or turn from the vision, which, whether we own it or not, we carry as Stevenson's lantern bearers their lanterns--hidden from the outer world. And thus inspired, many will reach the goal, and if, for most of us our achievements fall inevitably short of our ideals; if, when age and infirmity overtake us we come not within sight of the castle of our dreams, neverless, all will be right with us, for as Stevenson has truthfully said: Th travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

Dr. Trudeau loved the mountains + the day by day joys and sorrows of his neighbors were his whole life. Do we need more than the example of his life to teach us that each within the scope of his own place has the capability of happiness?

We'll all agree that there'll be many.. many problems to settle after this war is over.. It is <u>not</u> too soon to think about the peace, and peace is something more easily lost than war.. But I believe that if we can preserve within ourselve the willingness and courage to speak our minds simply and honestly; if we can preserve a belief in God. If we can maintain a simple pride in the community in which we live.....we'll be doing a lot to make things come out right.

When others are so in haste to recast the world that they despair of civilization, let us remember the old proverb:

Leg over leg the dog went to Dover"..

With the help of our proverbs, we may yet get to Dover..

Thank you.

Alon Fraser
409 14th St N.W.
Calgary.

Wesley Smith
Jasper

Raymond Knight
Lethbridge

Wood,
Cardston

Slant on absolute devotion
to a cause.